OBLIVISCAR,

From The Yale Record. Slowly beating, lowly moaning on thy dreary wintry shore.

Ever subbing, ever telling of the long forevermore, Of the time when earth knew not the presence or the sight of men.

Of the time in distant ages when they shall be gone applied.

again, O boundless, endless sea!

Slowly beating, lowly mouning, with a gentle, cool embrace. Thou art resting in thy bosom my dead darling's pallid face.

And thou softly callest to me, trying to forget my

to me and rest forever, come to me and find O boundless, endless sea!

Slowly beating, lowly monning, sweetly speakest thou to me.

And my weary soul is eager, evermore at rest to be.

Sorrows crowd upon me thickly, life is like a gloomy in thy depths I'll hide me, in oblivion find

O boundless, endless sea! CHARLES E. CUSHING.

THE BISHOP'S SIN.

As the Rishop's conduct has been the subject of

As the Rishop's conduct has been the subject of considerable comment, it becomes a kind of duty to give the true account of the whole matter.

As everybody knows, the Right Reverend Everton and Tauphie was a very Broad Churchman. Had he not bodily opposed the Tractarian movement in his Oxford days? Did he not recently extend the opisoopal egis to Major the City-Road-Devil-dodger, when that converted reprobate pitched his tent within the very shadow of the Palace, and preached eternal dammation in the choicest Cockney? Indeed, the Bishop had been known to smile on Mr. Spurgoon, and beam benevolently upon metropolitan Moodies and surburban Saukies. The curates of his diocese were not interdeted from cricket nor his rectors from lawn-tennis; and I am not in a position to contradict the rumor that the Bishop has been known to cut into a rubber tor 'silver threepennies,' and in the shadow of a stage-box once saw Mr. Irving play Shylock.

Indeed, when Julian, his only son, was at Eton, his father rejoiced more at his winning the Public School rackets than in his carrying off the Prince Consort's Prize for foreign languages; and when up at Oriol he found his way into the eight the Bishop's joy was so great as to be at moments positively undignified. He liked his son to be in the best set in town; he cheerfully paid entrances and subscriptions to various cluss, the names of which were certainly unfamiliar to him, but which Julian assured him were 'necessaries' even for a Bishop's infant. A rich and honorable all'anne for Julian began to be a very definite object in the episcopal eye, and consequently he highly approved of Julian's country-house visits; his cheery letters, containing catalogues of the notabilities with whon began to be a very the highly approved of Julian's country-house visits; his cheery letters containing catalogues of the notabilities with whom he had dauced, or shot, or played charades, were balus to his soul; and at breakfast, over an account of the previous evening's dinner and dance, the Bacerdotal spirits sensibly revived. Nominally Julian was going to the Bar, and duly ate dinners, or rather suiked in dignified schence at the Middle Temple six o'clock mess in full evening dress, and refused the preferred joint on the ground that he nover ate looled mutton in the afternoon. Naturally enough this statement irritated his poor brethren, especially as it was Julian's wont to bolt to the Orleans for dinner the moment grace was said.

to the Oricans for diffine the moment grace was said.

Bearing these facts in mind, it will be understood that the Bishop was rather hurt when it came to his ears that his son had been frequently seen at Mrs. Gideon Blewsby's 'small and earlies' in Cockerton Crescent, Bayswater, and had subsequently been observed at St. James's Hall on Monday evenings, apparently enwrapped in the strains of a Spohrquarlet, in company with a pretty little girl known quartet, in company with a pretty little girl known to all Parswater as Kitty Blewsby. When imally Miss Crabble told him that the pair had been noticed shomming at Whiteley she could stand it no iced shopping at Whiteley's he could stand it no

Miss Crabbie told him that the pair has been longer.

'It won't do may boy,' said the Bishop one day.

'She may be all you say—probably is; but then you know Blewsby is a solicitor—attorneys we used to call them—and a Dissenter, and I don't like it; besides, the Crabbies talk about it so'

'My dear father,' said Julian somewhat hotly,
'Miss Crabbie is a member of the Browning Society, and an Essteric Buddhist, and all the rest of it; but she's a froway old gossep for all that, and Miss Blewsby is a charming natural girl, and worth fifty of Crabbie, and—'

The Bishop looked aghast.
'Besides, you know, going to the Bar one must make friends with solicitors, and her father has lots of work to give a fellow.

Even the professional plea didn't soften the Bishop; and he wrinkled his brow and his apron—both usually smooth—as he said indiguantly, taking his bedroom candle, 'Prepesterous' perfectly mon-birous! I'm ashamed of you!'

Why Julian rushed up-stairs after his father had retired, put on a fresh tie, and dashed into a hanseom. I don't quite know; but in a quarter of an hour he was langhing with Kitty Blewsby. Dear little Kitty—rissie, madenly, and witching—looked up with frank delight in her lover's eyes (for of course it is no secret now that they were lovers at this time!, and fushed as she listened to Julian's somewhat creverent account of his recent interview.

'You do believe me, Kitty "he pleaded; and she

Yiew.

'You do believe me, Kitty? he pleaded; and she looked grave and said nothing; but she certainly danced with him. And all Cockerton Crescent chackled over it; a young person in books-muslin and a pink such sang O, that we two were maying, with evident meaning, between the polkas; and Julian sat act to Kitty at the sit-down super, and pulled crackers with her, and carved a game-pie; pulled crackers with her, and carved a game-pie; there was no finesse about Cockerton Crescent, I as-

was no passe about Cockerton Crescent, I asout.

I open a Buddhist Crabbie told the Bishop
out and there is no doubt the Right Revoeverion and Taupie was very cross. There
storacy meteriew; so far the paragraphs that
ed in the weekly journals were quite accabut it is quite false (as I am instructed) to
at Julian literally out the episcopal apron
with a carving knife. Still, I admit the inand I also am bound to acknowledge its
character.

comme with a carving knife. Still, I admit the interview and I also am bound to acknowledge its stormy character.

The seeding week was a fierce one for everybody as cerned. The lishop roundly slated three rectors and a dean, and sacked a new curate who had presented to adopt a son-son-western position during the collection; Julian had a bad week at Sandose naturally enough, for he only backed horses a bose names began with K; Miss Crabbie yead a paper on "Historic Feminus Sinners" before the Neuroscient Hill Debating Society; and Kitty cried. These events are now matters of history.

The subject came up again, and this time the Bishop was volcanic. "Marry her! dare to dream of marrying be, and you may go and play lawn-tennis with Fom Hughes in New Ragby for a summer, and starce for the rest of your life. I won't send you to the list; I'll stop your allowance: I'll cry down your credit—O. Julian' yon—yon—Apostate."

It was the only word the Bishop could think of at the moment, and it fitted remarkably well.

But the Apostate was very quiet indeed, this time—meel. I seemed to acquiesce in his father's views; and then, to the Bishop's bewilderment, three over all engagements, refused all invitations, and settled down soberly and discreetly to work in Mr. Messon Welby's chambers, with whom he was reading. Home to dinner punctually every evening; talked little politics or a sensational trial with the old gentleman; but after his coftee promptly betook himself to his 'Storey,' his 'Taylor,' his 'Broom,' and his first brand-new copy of the 'Reports.' Julian meant to be a barrister, and, oddly enough, evidently meant to learn law before, instead of subsequent to, his being called, which shows what a very original young man he was.

It was perplexing. Julian the Apostate had re-

quent to, his being called, which shows what a very original young man he was.

It was perplexing. Julian the Apostate had recanted his social horesy so thoroughly that the Bishop was suspicious. The man worked, no doubt of it, and would have nothing to say to the cloud of white cards that settled all over the mirror in his study like a flock of butterflies. He was seen tagly happy; and the whole thing was perfectly amacing. I grieve to say that his lordship became a kind of amateur detective; he watched every letter that arrived; he called in Meeson Welby, and found that his son was his most punctual and most industrious pupil.

Pupil.
I assure you my Lord Bishop, said that dis

'I assure you, my Lord Bishop, said that distinguished advocate, 'he knows a vast deal of practical law, and has the makings of a very excellent devil' in him.' The expression was startling, but very gratifying when properly explained. Still, there the matter was: Julian the Merry had become Julian the Mysterious, and there was no clew to it all.

One memorable evening the Bishop, having fin-

Junan the Mysterious, and there was no clew to it all.

One memorable evening the Bishop, having finished the sketch of a charge (I mean, of course, such a charge as would be produced by Bishop Butler, not Mis. Butler), sat in his study brooding over it all. He was 'doing his best for his boy,' he kept repeating to himself; but his spiritual wrestlings were disturbed some way, and between him and the fire there came at moments a glimpse of a certain wistful little face he had once seen with Julian in the Park, and a photograph of which said little face hung framed in old-gold plash beside Julian's bed. His lordship's musings were interrupted by the sound of his sou's quick step on the stairs, and then his voice.

'All right, Pollard, I'm just running out to post a letter; I'll be back to dress in five minutes.

All right, Pollard, I'm just running out to post a letter; I'll be back to dress in five munutes.

'You can post it here, Master Julian,' said the yoice of the eld retainer, the Bishop's butler; 'I'm taking his lordship's letters presently,'
'Quite sure it will go all right, Pollard † Very well, then.' There was a metallic 'flap,' as the letter was dropped into the big oak pillar-box that stood in the hall, and then Julian ran back to his

stood in the hall, and then Julian tables of the study.

A letter! To whom? Why wish to post it himself? And then I fear some little demon had the audacity to whisper in the Bishop's ear, for that good man was disquieted, and rose from his chair. The room seemed hot so he opened the door. The hall looked cool, so he walked into it. There was no one there. Like Eugene Aram, he took three hasty atrides, and then stopped opposite the oak letterstrides,' and then stopped opposite the oak letter-box, of which he and Pollard had duplicate keys. After all, there can be no harm in just seeing to whom he is writing; it might be some vile money

lender: and besides, added the Bishop to himself. 'I may possibly have misdirected some of my own letters.' Still he paused, and the little demon kept whispering: 'Take it out! take it out! Finally. with a quick-beating heart, the Bishop opened the box. Was that a noise! No, only the parrots.' Hate parrots, he thought, as he peeped m. Yes, there it was, right on the top of the ple, addressed m Julian's big good-natured sort of a scrawl. Feeling very like a fraudulent bank secretary borrowing securities from the 'strong-room,' but still urging on his conscience that he was 'doing it for the best,' the Bishop put the letter in his pocket, slammed the door of the box, and retreated with his prize to his study, just in time to hear Pollard panting up from the regions below to send the post oft. Would that old servitor discover the loss? Should he rush out and restore it? No, he would be firm: it was 'for the best.'

the best.'
The letter was addressed to
Miss Kitty Blewsby.
214A Cockerton Crescent,
Raymer

The letter was addressed to

Miss Kitty Bleveby.

214A Cockerton Crescent,

Corresponding with her secretly! Monstrons! It
toust be stopped at once. His ingers played with
the envelope as he held it up between him and the
fire. 'No, no, can't do that; wouldn't be houest,
said the Bishop sternly; and having comforted
himself with the reflection, he locked up the letter
in his drawer, and then the dressing bell rang.
Julian was very pleasant and bright that
day at dinner. He told his father old Oxford stories, insisted on pledging him in the
old '47, and when he ran off to read the never
went to the theatre now, he dropped into the
fe drawing room and ran his fingers lightly over the
fe keys of the Erard. The Bishop heard the music as
he sat, brooding and melancholy and remorseful, in
the room below; for all that he hardened his heart
like Pharach, and would not let the letter go, be
cause 'it was for the best'—a bit of jesuatical
cassistry that he nevertheless derived but small
comfort from. It required much more Pharach-like
flintiness to endure Julian's first anxions, and then
disappointed, face when the early post next morning, and several successive posts for the next two
days, failed to bring him something he evidently
locked for. The inquiry: 'Anything for me,
father?' and the invariable answer: 'Nothing,
Julian,' became a little tragedy, in which the Bishop
felt he was cast for 'first murderer,' and he was by
no means easy in the part.

The piano was never opened now, and Julian
stuck to his work quietly and pinickly. At last he
was duly 'called.' and won the £100 prize given by
his Inn for an essay apon 'Probate and Divorce as
practised by the Early Aryan Races.' He never
slackened work for a moment, but went to court
every day, and still preserved the same quiet mysterious manner that so balled and worried the
Bishop. His fun seemed to have all evaporated, and
in its place he had a purpose. His father had a bad
time of it—passed sleepless nights, and even went so
far as to read the essay on Frobat

nist and a bigoted bachelor of him, and this was seemingly what had happened, for dancing Belgravia knew him no more.

It was precisely at 9:45 on the evening that has been so much talked of that the Fishop was strolling home after attending the great conference that met to discuss the long-vexed question concerning Archidiaconal Functions. He had once been an archdeacon himself, and he sympathized with the rather vague position of the Very Reverends, and he was really rather pleased with the resolution he had proposed making gaiters and broad beins oldigatory on them as a class, although dear old Sawdust and Bran ta brother Bishop had so stoutly opposed it, on the ground that it would lead to aprons. It is right to mention this, as it accounts for the Bishop's preoccupied manner that evening. Passing up that bleasant little segment of a circle that is called Dean-st, the Bishop noticed a carriage whisking rapidly westward. A glance as the lights flashed by showed him a glimpse of a pale sad young face, with a square line of staff white linen cutting across the brow, round, which fell the black folds of a nun's veil; the dross was that of a religieuse of some order.

The Bishop was thunderstruck. It was Kitty

the brow, round which fell the black folds of a nun's veil; the dress was that of a religious of some order.

The Bishop was thunder-truck. It was Kitty Biewsby, poor little Kitty, and in that dress! The though! flashed quick upon him, of course she was going to a convent—immuring her young life within the fatal walls, sinking all her love and all Julian's hopes in the dread vows, sacrificed in one of those mysterions. Anglean sisterhoods against which he had so often inveighed, renouncing—

'I renounce the devil and all his works!' exclaimed the Right Reverend Lord of Everton and Tanphie, interrupting his own thoughts; and then, to the astonishment of Sam Snapper, who was passing at the time land who, I firmly believe, wrote all the stupid paragraphs about itt, the Bishop dashed after the retreating carriage, with apron flying, mud spattering and small boys cheering him. John Gilpin's ride was a crawling Lord Mayor's Show compared to the episcopal hundred yards, quite the best (ecclessistically) on record. He didn't care. What were conveniences beside conscience and convents! Away he went toward Park Corner, and by dint of most undignified shoutings succeeded in stopping the carriage just as it reached the big bronze warrior who new shelters himself in sculptured sulkiness under four trees opposite St. George's Hospital. It was a Bishop's charge with a vengeance!

'You, my Lord Bishop' cract out the little white nun, shrinking back as he i titled at the window; for she was quite familiar with his appearance, although this was their first interview.

Let me in, my dear Miss Blewsby; I must talk to you and at once" and as he get in he panted out "Home" to the astonished coachman, who had never seen a Bishop in a hurry before.

'What does this all mean?

'O, I'm so sorry!' sobbed Sister Kitty, wiping her eyes with her veil. 'I never thought you would find it out, and of course it was very wrong: but, you see, they made me promise, and there are many other girls I know there, and what could I do! I have been preac

see, they made me promise, and there are other girls I know there, and what could I do? I loved him so!

Now the Bishop would have vastly preferred to have been preached to death by wild curntes? (as Sydney Smith once suggested.) than fore a pretty girl in tears. However, he was beand to zo through with it now; so he nerved himself and said; 'Miss Blewsby, listen to me. I never thought it would come to this, I never anticipated such a terrible catastrophe. That dress! that veil! I am bound as a good Churchman to carnestly protest against It; and what is more, as a man, as a father, there the Bishop's voice perceptibly faltered. 'I have a few serions words to say,' Kitty clasped her hands tightly and was silent in an instant. 'I was wrong. I have stood between you two: I—I regret it. Only tell me that it is not to late to prevent you taking this fearful step. No, don't speak; you will do me a great favor if you wipe away a stain that—now do listen' (Kitty hadn't said a word, she was frightened). 'Please go home at once, and promise me to take off those infer—infamous things, promise you will not go to where I grieve to learn some of vour companions have already gone; and on my honor you shall marry my boy if you like, I swear—I mean. I affirm it; and in his exetement the Bishop took both Kitty's hands and looked earnestly in her face.

'But I yowed I would go to-night, and everything

face.
But I vowed I would go to-night, and everythin;

took both Kitry's hands and looked earnestly in her face.

But I vowed I would go to-night, and everything is ready for me: and you startle me so. Do you really mean this? she added somewhat pleadingly and timidly.

I pledge you my word I am in earnest.

It's too good of you—too good. Yes, I'll go home. And then, for some unheard-of reason. Kitty cried again, and the Bishop felt very awkward—so much so that as they were passing his corner he chacked the check-string with a jork that almost pulled the coachman inside, and threw the horses on their hanches.

Good-night, he said as he stepped out; we have made each to each a promise. Keep yours, and Julian shall come and see you to-morrow. Then he left her, and walked home feeling that he had correised the little demon.

Another and still greater shock was, however, in store for the ill-starred old gentleman. As he came into the hall and passed by the fatal pillar-box he saw Julian stealing down-starts in a monk's robe, his feet in sandats, his waist gert with a rope, a cowil driwn closely round his handsome face, and a bedroom candle in his hand. In a moment father and son were face to face.

What, you too? cried the Bishop. O.Julian, this is too much! I have saved her: I may be vet in time to rescue yon. Julian, you shall marry her? And then in a hurried fashion he poured out his story, ending with: 'And now that I have promised, tell me to what vide secusion the poor girl was going, and where you were about to bury yourself and break my old heart?

Julian's eyes had danced with joy as he listened, but he looked grave as he answered: 'I cannot tell you how! thankyou, father; but don't let us have any more secreis. There was no thought of vide seclusion nor of burials; she was going to take part in Lady Fanciful's tableaus vicants to-night, and, I confess, so was I. We were both in the same picture, designed by Sir Rose Madder, you know; and now! shall have to try and get an understudy for her, or cut out the nun altogether, which will spoil the tableau. But, fat

BOTH THERE .- "You should not have stayed BOTH THERE.—"You should not have stayed away so long" she said in by tones as her theatre escort slid into his seat ten minusts after the ring up of the second act. "Oh! Er—Excuse me—I met my old friend Tom in the foyer and"—" Was Jerry there too?" was her artless interruption as she turned her attention to the stage.—(Boston Post.

A WELL READ PAPER.—The Eagle River Shaff is printed now on the blank side of an elegant pattern of wall paper. The editor proudly boast that it is he best read advertising medium in the world, as, having no mall, the citizens read every line of it a half dozen times.—Denver Tribune.

RHYMES OF THE DAY.

MARCH WINDS.

A BALLADE. The merry winds of March awake, And puffing flee their fabled cave; The old folks quake, the old oaks shake, The creat comes white to every wave,
And mad hares seasonably rave.
The lissom linden and lithe larch
Are all bows for my Beauty's sake:
Brave, O, the merry winds of March!

They rouse dead sea and laggard lake.

They make the chill blood brisk and brave;
And if, sometimes, some branches break,
Branches in bud the ruin save,
Or with their bloasoms deck the grave,
Preparing summer's verdant arch
And autumn's anburs architrave; Brave, the merry winds of March!

White winters freeze and summers bake, White winters freeze and summers bake,
Their sun and ice alike suslave;
The March winds blow, and straight way take
Time's chains away from lord and knave;
Their wounds the dropping Aprils lave,
And wet the lips blown dust may parch,
And cool for us spring's coming cake—
Bravo, the merry winds of March!

Beauty, we sing this simple stave Because, despite your flounces' starch, They will at moments misbehave: Bravo, the merry winds of March!

From Harper's Bazar. I love you. What old words are these. That fall so lightly from the tongue?

LOVE AND LIFE.

As common as the skies and seas, And song that men and birds have sung. Yet they are new to me and strange As though no man had ever said,
"I love you," and I know a change
Has wrought the living from the dead.

I know that I have felt the stir Of a divining sense, which makes
The world seem but a part of her
Whose nature like a radiance breaks

Upon the cold night of my dream-A part of you who fill the whole Of earth-existence; and I seem Clothed in the beauty of your soul.

Oh! I had never loved before;
But when I met you, loved you, then
I stood in fancy on a shore
Before the mournful haunts of men—

Beyond the ignorance and the lust,
The crime, the shame, the burning sin,
The misery, and the hate that rust
Our faith and all that faith can win. Then I perceived what life may be
To one who seeks and utters truth,
Through love that makes him strong and free,
And showers its glory on his youth.

In you I found what others seek Through heavy days with eager eyes, Yet with a trust that grows more weak, As time moves on to death and dies.

A noble nature, which is worth
The jewelled crown that princes wear,
The potent kingdoms of the earth,
And all the spiendors treasured there.

For human nature is a thing Too often hitter, solfish, dull, Which grovels when it cannot sting. And hates what God made beautiful,

But the sweet power that fashioned you, Formed you, I think, as some ideal, Divined you wise, and pure, and true, And oh! so passionately real. It gave you such a gentle heart

That fools can wound it, and so deep That none can sound it with their art. Though they may force you, dear, to weep, Yet wrong can never wrong you, sweet.
Until the one that loves you turns
And casts your true love under feet,
And what his soul had worshipped spurns.

GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY THE TRITE QUOTATION.

In an evil hour it lay in wait
For a pen that labored early and late
With words of wisdom, and thoughts of are.
The man in the heat of his strong desire
Thought, "It is old—but still it is good,
And this at least will be understood."
But the critic signed a sigh of pain,
And said, "Do I see thee yet again f"

The old leaves fall that the new may come. When the bluebird sings the crow is dumb; But patent words that are hawked about. Never can seem to be quite worn-out. Or rather, though worn they take their place, With fell coaceit and a tiresome grace, Even as oft an officious guest. Holds his own with the very best.

ANNA S. REED BIRD TALK.

What was, what comfort, do you bring ? As you come back with tired wing Adown the airy way."

"So high above the trees I flew, High, gossips, high!
I saw a little rift of blue,
A lovely glimpse of sky."

"And is it true that storms will cease?

True, gossip, true?"
"Oh, yes, the winds will be at peace,
The sun will shine on you? "So chirp and chatter, sweet and gay,

Call, gossips, call!
Fast comes the happy spring this way,
Brave gossips all!" CELIA THARTER.

MY LOVE.

From The Yale Record.
My love is a rose, a red, red rose Vhose beauty all may see --smile and a blush for each she hath, But only a thorn for me. love is a violet, tender and true,

My love is a violet, tender and true. Whose fragrance pure and free Perfumes the arr like the breath of prayer Yet never a thought for me. My love is the sun, the radiant sun, Whose glory all may seeose glory all may see-She sheds her beams on And not one ray for me.

Oh, her beauty and blushes, her radiant smile! How quick my cares will flee, When one day Love shall lead my love A captive home to me.

THE SAILOR WIFE.

The last parting thought of the day.
Has been flashed to the listening hills,
While we glide o'er the waters away,
As a soft breeze our white sail fills. And my love at the tiller stands,

So strong and bright and free, Guiding it well with her shapely hands, For the queen of the wave is she. Talk to me not of your reco-leaf girls! But give me my brave maid there, With her sun-browned face and wind-swept curis And her voice as fresh as the air.

For my wife will be as true to me, However the winds may blow— And we'll sail along, with a loving song, Be our voyage swift or slow. So talk to me not of your dainty girls.

But give me a woman brave: Far better than roses, or teeth of pearls, Is the courage that dares the wave. For our bark she'll guide, whate'er betide, All safe to the other shore, Where the storms of life, and its weary strife, Can trouble our souls no more.

FRENCH LETTER-WRITING. From Truth (London).

From Trath (London).

Few well-educated Frenchmen write perfectly correct French, and you can always, when your adversary has driven you into a cerner, turn round and say that he is guilty of some breach of syntax or presody. Louis Blanc's French was correct. But as Clemencean remarked, "It was incorrectly correct, and a French of Louis Blanc." Guizot wrote Genevese French. Paul Louis Coarier is one of the fare authors who come up to the requirements of purists. Lamartine was very incorrect, and so is often Victor Hugo. French is both the tongue of clear expression and of innuencies. One may say properly the most abominal is things between the lines and the most delicately delightfui. But to understand the force of either, one should be imbued with the genius of the language. It is not every one who can wind up a French mote in the exact form which the circumstances under which it is written Genound. A son of the late M. Menler (a chocolate Bonanna) was placed under arrest for a fortnight, when a twelve months' volunteer, for assuring his Colonel of "his high considered by a young fellow of his millitary rank. It saw Louis Blanc furious because a noble Deputy, with whom he was not well nequainted, ended a sorawled note to him with the word, "Salutations," and tagged on to it in a posteriptum. The salutations should ell-educated Frenchmen write perfectly

have been qualified and the writer before addressing have been qualified and the writer before addressing a man of Louis Blanc's standing should have considered well what he wanted to say, and thus obviated the necessity of a P. S. If is extremely difficult for a lady to wind up a letter to a Frenchman of such high station as the Freedient of the Republic, she being more worthly by her sex, and yet bound to make him feet that she is conscious of his superior rank. In all cases respect should be expressed in the wind-up phrase of a note or letter if the person to whom it is written has a grey beard or a white head. If both are dyed, "consideration," or "compliments," or "sulutations," need not be respectful, unless in the case of a lady who has grand-children, and wears caps. Melasonier does not dye. He has a beard, like a river god's, and white as show. Then is high up in the Lexino of Honor, and a universally acknowledged master of his art. Count Telfner wound up his note to him with the formula, "Je vous saine." It ne is high up in the Legion of Honor, and a universacknowledged master of his art. Count Teifner we up his note to him with the formula, "Je vous saine." was almost a case for a duel, and Meissonier's frie opined that it was a bar to all further sticempts conciliate. In writing to his valet a French gentlen would "salute him."

THE FOREIGN MAIL. MR. SPURGEON ON GROWING OLD.

From The St. Jamer's Gazette.

Tader the brading 'My Fiftieth Year and growing Old.' he discusses the question whether men and proschers grow less useful after completing their tenth lustrum; considering it with special reference to himself. Not satisfied with such negative evidence as is implied by his immunity from friendly frankness, he impartially investigates the effect of increasing age of other men. No one, he says, can deny that there is such a thing as 'the tameness at forty, and the going to-seed at lifty'; and be indorses from personal experience the opinion of 'a by no means sensoring to seed at lifty'; and be indorses from personal experience the opinion of 'a by no means sensoring the mean acceptant that an appalling percentage of preachers, and indeed of come politicians, the peculiar danger of advancing years is length of discourse. 'Two homored brethren,' he writes,' thare lately fallen asleep whose later years were an infliction on their friends. To describe one is to depict the other. He is se good and great and has done such service that you must ask him to speak. You make bold to propose that he will occupy only a few minutes. He will occupy only a few minutes. He will occupy only a few minutes. He will occupy only a few minutes, and all through a dear old man whose very name is an inspiration. The difficulty is not to start these grand old mea, but to stop them when started: they appear to be woond up like clocks, and they must run down. But though 'he who is a shepherd at sixteen 'may, to quote Mr. Spurgeon's expressive metaphor, be a sheep at sixty,' there is another view of the effects of age; and there is, as usual, a proverbe-'Soon ripe, soon ripe, soon rotten'—to support it. In careers which do not rotten —to support it. In careers which do not rotten —to support it. In careers which do not rotten —to support it. In careers which do not rotten —to support it. In careers which do not rotten —to support it. In careers which do not rotten —to support it. In careers which do not rotten at sixty, there is another view of the effects of age; and there is, as usual, a preverb—'Soon ripe, soon rotten'—to support it. In careers which do not specially demand the enthusiasm and bodily strength of youth, many of the most distinguished men have 'flourished' at or after their fiftieth year; and the names of Darwin, Beaconsfield and Moltke at once suggest themselves among modern veterans, not to mention those ancient uworthies who are so often disinterred by the elderly from the pages of Cicero De Senectate.

FON BULOW SHOWING HIS TEMPER.

Prom a Berlin Letter in The London Globe.

Quite a thrill has been sent through the musical and thentrical world by a speech made by the celebrated musical and composer Hans von Bullow, on the occasion of an encore at a concert given in the Pollharmonic by the Duke of Saxe Meiningen's orchestra, under Yon Bulow's direction. Instead of repeating the applanded piece, Herr von Bulow ordered the band to play the Coronation Marca from the "Prophet," which was executed to perfection. He then came forward and informed the andlence he had felt it his duty to give them an opportunity of hearing the "Prophet" properly rendered, as he had heard it so dreadfully massared at Hulsen's Circus the previous evening. Every one seemed struck dumb by such an announcement, Herr von Hulsen being Intendant-General of the Koyal Opera House, thus stigmanticed as actives, Various runors are aftead as to the penalties likely to follow the maestro's indiscretion, if not insult; but the great master's excitation to the semination of it. The differences between Baron von Hulsen and Herr von Bulow date from the time when the former opposed the performance of Wagner's compositions in the Royal theatres. Evom a Reclin Letter in The London Globe

THE LESSEPS FAMILY ON REVIEW.

THE LESSEPS FAMILY ON REVIEW.

Prom Truth's (London) Paris Letter.

The juvenile Lesseps were brought forward on Sunday to make a collection at the Gymnase Paz, with the children of some wealthy bourgeets. All the brothers and staters, save the infant "Jack," attended. They were not present while their father and other eminent Frenchmen were making orations on the platform, but were ambiding thomselves behind the scenes, and entered just at the moment arranged by the organizers of the fets. Stewards took them round. They were, as usual, in broad brimmed, plain hats, and dark blue dresses that hardly covered them, but blooming with health and bright with animal spirits. I pitied the other children, whose dresses were cumbersome from over-triumning, and whose movements were awkward and constrained. The venerable excavator of canals walked to the edge of the platform with a springy step, stood erect, when speaking made jokes, was freshly ancedotic, and gave the rein to generous indignation when taking the part of the Sisters of Charity who had been expelled from the Paris hospitals. He had been the night before to a dinner and two receptions, and was going in the course of the evening to a banquet and soirce. The morning was spent in arranging to outmannerwere the group of Suce shareholders who intend to give him trouble at the next general meeting.

KILLING THE KILLERS.

Last night a cleverly executed scheme, deceiving a large number of gentlemen, was consummated at the Haymarket Theatre. About ten days back, it appears, each received a missive, in a lady's handwriting, which ran as follows: "The writer of this is auxious to have the pleasure of meeting you. She will be at the

have the pleasure of meeting you. She will be at the Haymarket Theatre on Tuesday, 11th March next. If you will be in the stalls you will not fail to recognize her; but to show that this meeting is agreeable, will you wear a button-hole of violets and lities of the valley, and she will wear searlet geraniums." So successful was this letter, that two advertisements in the "agony" column of "The Times" requested the lady to send her address in confidence.

About 8 o'clock last evening the first victim appeared on the scene. Gallantly, yet cautionaly, he looked round for the fair unknown, when to his diamay he noticed other men dropping in, one by one, all bearing the floral sign. Men came from Aldershot, from Brighton, and from the country, many of thom wearing searlet geraniums in place of the Parma violets, which made them the more conspicuous. It was not long before the Bancroft exchequer was curriched by the appearance of at least sixty victims, many of whom were acute enough to hide their flowers in their hats, to be assumed if the fair wearer of searlet should be discerned. Before the end of the first act it was very patent that a "sell" of the first water had been perpendent that a "sell" of the first water had been perpendent that a "sell" of the chief character in an Irish breach of proraise case, and others equally well known being among the gay Lotharios. The dress circle was full of men who, having received letters themselves, had compared notes, and detecting the joke, secured this coign of vantage to enjoy the scene. It was not necessary to lock very fair for those by whom the scheme was originated. A certain stage-box was graced by the presence of a well-known form, and the party took the keenest interest in the successive entries of the lady killers.

A STOCKBROKER'S LITTLE GAME.

A STOCKBROKER'S LITTLE GAME.

From The Whitchall Review.

Stockbrokers are sometimes men of considerable resource. It is said on the Stock Exchange that one day last month a firm received a letter from a country gentleman, one of their customers, annoancing that he was coming up to town that day, and would call upon them and take away a parcel of valuable securities which were lying on their hands. In the afternoon the customer arrived. After the usual greetings, said one partner to the other, 'Blank, will you lead me your key of this safe, to get out this gentleman's securities? I broke mine yesterday. 'I never had a key of that safe, replied the junior partner. 'Hadn't you' I thought you had. Well, I suppose there is nothing for it but to send for a couple of staiths and have it broken open.' But here the good-natured enstomer interposed. The safe was a great, massive affair, as affluent-looking as the Bank of England. 'Don't have it broken open, he said. 'You can send me the securities; I dare say they will travel quite safely.'

The partners thouked the considerate gentletoan, and the subject dropped. Before he left the office the senior partner twitter his customer to dine with him at his club as a reason of the meal the guest said: 'Now you make the produces of run doen and see my place, and you've the produces.'

'and I can bring those exercitive of the state of That will be safer than sending them by the sport.' All right, that will do nicely.' By the Saturday arrives the stockbroker, with the security in his portmanteru, had departed like the Magiother way.

CREMATION OF THE BODY OF KESHUB CHUNDER SEN.

CHUNDER SEN.

Fom The Celcute Englishmen

At about half past 10 a.m., Bain Feshub
Chunder Sen expired at his residence at Feshub
Chunder Sen expired at his residence at Feshub
Chunder Sen expired at his residence at Feshub
Individual of his remains were indeed on a new
sandalwood bedstend, which was covered with martgolds, jessamine, and roses. The corpse was dresse in
white sile daed, and at intervals some of the discipler of
Brahme leader sprinkled rose water on it, and placed
garlands of flowers all over. At moon the bler was removed
to the new chapel, adjoining Lify Cottage, which was
being erected for the late Bata Keshib (chunder Sen's
private devotions, and at 3:30 p. m. a photographer
came and photographed the remains, which were the niying
an object of touching regar, to hundreds of the Erahmo
leader's disciples, friends, and admirers. Shortly after
this the male mourners and visitors were requested to
leave the chapel to allow of the entrance of a number of
the female relatives and followers of the deceased, who
then entered and gave vent to their feelings of grief and
sorrow at the death of their beloved leader. The bler,
with the cemains, was then carried in procession along
the roads from the chapel to Nimtolial Ghaut, followed
by thousands and thousands of natives of all cases and
creeds, and by a very numerous gathering of leading
European gentlemen in Calcutta. At Nintoliah Ghaut
the body was, with Brahmo riles, placed on the funeral
pyre, which was composed entirely of sandaiwood.
After cremation the ashes were collected and placed in
an urn which will be deposited in the deceased minister's
private chapel. The procession was headed by a disciple,
who bore in his hands a banner, bearing on it the words

"Xew Diapensation."

HOME INTERESTS.

PRICES IN THE MARKETS.

FISH IN GREAT ABUNDANCE-CANVASBACKS TO TAKE THEIR FLIGHT.

Fulton Market has been the central point of interest to Lousekeepers and caterers since the arrival of the first North River shad on Wednesday. The occasion was mentioned in The Tribune at the time. Numbers of anxious epicures since then have visited the market to purchase shad, but the supply from the Hudson has seen limited. The first was caught off Keyport, New Jersey. While this is not, geographically speaking, from the North River, it is all the same to the fish dealer. On Thursday thirty shad were netted in the river near Dobbs Ferry. On Friday and yesterday the supply had increased several hundred by accessions from the Delaware River. Besides these highly prized shad during last week a consignment of Chinook salmon was received from the Columbia River. These are considered equal in flavor to the Kennebec salmon of the Atlantic coast. There were also some English turbot which came to Mr. Blackford from Billingsate Market in Loudon. They weighed fourteen pounds each and

The only fish that rose in value during the week were diamond-back terrapin, which cost \$36 a dozen. Oyster crabs at \$2 a pint bottle are one of the features in the line of sea food.

On Tuesday the season in which the sale of wild ducks is permitted will close. There has been a slight demand fately on the part of the public for these birds, but their approaching departure together with their searcity has made them dear for the last ten days. Canvashucks cost \$3 50 and \$4 a pair; there are no redheads or black ducks in the market, and maliard and teal sell for \$1 a pair. Wild pigeous ewing to their migratory habits are searce and sell at retail for \$2 a dozen, tame pigeous \$2 50, tame squabs are \$4 50, grass plover \$2 50, and fresh plover \$3 50 a dozen. English pheasants are \$4 a pair, English snipe \$2 75 a dozen, reed birds \$1 and \$1 50 a dozen, and bear meat at 25 cents a pound.

Some fine specimens of dry,picked fall chickens weighing from one to two pounds are displayed by a few of the first-class dealers at 25 cents a pound. Good capons may be found for 30 cents, and frozen vermont turkeys for 25 cents a pound. Geese bring 20 and 25 cents, ducks are scarce and high at 25 and 28 cents, and fewls range from 16 to 20 cents a pound, 23 cents being asked for large roasting chickens.

Dealers in spring vegetables complain of the backwardness of the Southern crop. The steamers which arrived from down the coast yesterday, however, brought a fair supply. Of the two crops of potatoes raised annually in the Bernundas the one sold here is of last fail's growth. This spring's crop sells for \$1 60 a peck, last fail's crop brings \$1 20 a peck, while native white potatoes cost only 20 cents a peck or \$2 a barrel. Bernunda onions are worth 20 cents a quart, beets 30 cents a deader, cucumbers 20 and 50 cents cach, and tomatoes 25 and 40 cents and \$1 a bunch. Lettuce costs 10 cents a head, mint 10 cents a bunch oyster plants 20 cents, tuharb 10 cents a bunch. Fresh new country butter was offered in Washington Market, "said a

at present to buy any oleomargarine in, Washington Market."

Eggs are selling very cheaply and consist of the usual spring variety. There are piles of large white goose eggs, the delight and joy of the Hebrew heart, that sell for \$1.20 a dozen; barrels of dack eggs which are nover sold by the dozen but always at seven for 25 cents; and thousands of dozens of hens eggs to be had for 25 cents a dozen.

Charleston is sending the best strawberries to this city at present. They are worth 75 cents a box. There is any quantity of inferior Florida fruit to be had at prices varying from 30 to 50 cents a box. In fact they have become common enough for hucksters to be crying them through the streets. Choice oranges are searce and bring 50 cents and \$1 a dozen, Malaga grapes cost 50 cents a pound, and banamas from 40 to 60 cents a dozen.

60 cents a dozen.

Spring lamb is down in price to \$5 and \$7 a carcass Pindquarters are worth \$4 and forequarters \$2.

Singl, baked. Maltre d'Hotel Sauce.
Reast Wild Turkey. Potatoes in cases. Spinac
Lettuce Mayounnise,
Stewed Apples with Rice.
Custard. Cake.
Fruit.
Coffee.

will not bear as much salt as beef or veal; half a eup of raw rice, and half an onion. Boil all togeth-er half an hour. This is a delicious broth, and very easily digested.

SCALLORED Cop.-Butter an earthenware pu SCALLOFFE COR.—Butter an earthen ware produing dish, and place in it neat flakes of the cold fish with any of the gelatine which is left; line the bottom of the dish, and then pour over it any of the sauce or melted butter that you may have. Sprinkle with salt, a very little red pepper, and a pinch of mace; place alternate layers of fish and sauce until the dish is full. Cover the op with fine bread crumbs, put bits of butter over t, and bake twenty minutes.

FISH TOAST .- Take cold boiled fish of any kind ck it into flakes and heat in enough milk to mois-n it; add a bit of butter, and season with pepper ad salt. When it is hot, pour it on slices of but-red toast, and garmsh with hard-boiled eggs, cut

in slices.

Oyster Salad.—One pint of celery, one quart of oyster saled.—One pint of celery, one quart of oyster something of a cupful of mayonnaise dressing, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one of oil. halfa teaspounful of salt, one-eighth of a teaspoonful of pepper, one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Let the oysters come to a boil in their own liquor. Skim well and drain. Season them with the oil, sait, pepper, and lemon juice. When cold, put in the ice chest for at least two hours. Scrape and wash the whitest and tenderest part of the celery, and, with a sharp knife, cut in very thin slices. Put in a bowl with a large lump of ice, and set in the ice chest until serving time. When ready to serve, drain the celery, and mix with the oysters and half of the dressing. Arrange in the dish, pour the remainder of the dressing over, and garnish with white celery leaves.

Scrambled Eggs with Shad Roffs.—When you

white celery leaves.

Scrambled Eggs with Shad Roes.—When you have shad for dinner, scald the roes ten minutes in boiling water (salted), drain, throw into cold water, leave them there three minutes, wipe dry, and set in a cold place until next day, or whenever you wish to use thom. Cut them across into pieces an inch or more wide, roll them in flour and fry to a fine brown. Scramble a dish of eggs, pile the roes in the centre of a heated platter, and dispose the eggs in a sort of hedge all round them. A very nice breakfast or lunch dish.

in a sort of hedge all round them. A very nice breakfast or lunch dish.

EGGS ON TOAST.—Six eggs; one cupful drawn butter—drawn in milk; slices of stale bread, toasted and buttered; chopped parsiey; pepper and sait. Heat a cupful of milk to scaiding; mix in a large teaspoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of flour wet with cold water and rubbed smooth, and stir until it is as thick as custard. Add chopped parsies, pepper and sait to taste. All this should be done in a tin vessel set in boiling water, and over the fire. Have ready the toast (not forgetting to pare the crust from each "lice before it is toasted, but red, and laid in close rows upon a hot dish. Fur r tablespendful of not water on each piece. The eggs very light and stir fast into the read butter until they are a rich vellow sauce, and send he to table.

LEMON PUDDING.—Three eggs; one scaut cup of

Lemon Pudding.—Three eggs; one scant cup of sugar; two libers' tablespoonfuls of corn-starch; one lemon juice and rind; two cups of milk; one heaping tenspoonful of butter. Scald the milk, and stir in the corn-starch we; up is four teaspoonfuls of cold water. Cook—stirring all the time—until it thickens well; add the butter, and set aside until perfectly cold. Then beat the eggs light, add the sugar, the lemon juice and grated peel, and whip in, a great spoonful at a time, the siftened corn-starch milk. Bake in a buttered dish, and cat cold.

In Mened corn-starch milk. Bake in a buttered dish, and cat cold.

How To COOKA LEG OF VENISON.—This recipe, contributed by the che/S. H. Agueau, was communicated to him by the cook of the Prince of Wales. Take your teg of venison, leave all the fat and skin on, and rub it well with a glass of good sherry and brandy mixed. These sprinkle a few pluches of marjoram over it. Take some coarse Graham flour and mix it with water, making it into a good stiff dough. Roll it our and envelop the leg of venison so as to seal it up; then roast it on aspitor in a good hot oven for three hours. The dough must be about two inches thick. Ontside the dough from burning. When don, and ready to serve, take a hammer and knock the dough (which will be baked hard) off the venison. The aroma from the venison will be something grand, and the juices that will flow from the first cut will be the sauce that no epicure will say hay to. flow from the first cut will be the sauce that no epi-

DEMON CAKE.—One cupful of butter, one of sugar,

fals of flour, one tablespoonful of ginger, one of cinnamon, four of brandy, half a grated nutner, one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of milk; one cupful of carrants and one of preserved ginger cut in fine strips. Beat the butter to a cream; then beat in the sngar, molasses, brandy and spice. Have the eggs well beaten and add them. Stir in the soda and flour. Have two pans well buttered or lined with paradine paper. Pour the cake mixture to the depth of about two inches in each pan. Sprinkle a layer of fruit on it. Cover with a thin layer of the mixture, and add more fruit. Continue this until all the batter and fruit is used. Bake two hours in a moderate oven.

PULPIT SKETCHES.

THE REV. THEODORE C. WILLIAMS, OF ALL

SOULS' UNITARIAN CHURCH. This society was incorporated in 1821 under the title of the First Congregationalist Church. It occupied a plain,unpretending house of worship in Chambers-st. until 1845; when under the pressure of advancing commerce, a removal was effected, and a large and expensive Gothic church in brown-stone was built, at No 544 Broadway. This was subsequently sold to the Unfversalists, and in 1855 the present edifice on Fourthave. above Union Square was completed and dedicated.

At the close of the dedication sermon, the title of the church, which had been known in Broadway as the Divine Unity, was changed by the preacher, Dr. Bellows, to that which it has since borne. This new church was the aesthetic sensation of its day. Wrey Mould,

Divine Unity, was changed by the preacher, Dr. Bellows, to that which it has since borne. This new church was the aesthetia-sensation of its day. Wray Mould, the architect, was soundly berated or gearly commiserated, as a man quite beside himself, of one who had affronted and scandalized not only the venerable traditions, but even the religious sensibilities of all church-going people. It was not quite clear whether he had deliberately attempted to feer and quiz the people by this departure from all current ideals of Manhattan ecclesiology, or whether his genius had become frenzied, or crazed. All sorts of ribald sayings and nicknames were bandied about, and one might observe any day groups of well-intentioned persons visibly perplexed amused or scandalized as they drew near the illustarred structure. But at length it was remembered that the All Souls' congregation were exceptionally intelligent, cultivated people, not likely to be duped by a mountebank, nor put their money into a building essentially grotesque or monstrous.

This pure, exquisite hit of fivzantine-Venetian art was unhappily a pioneer, for the city had hitherto seen nothing but its glum meeting-houses, its temples of debased Grecian, its dolorous, brown-stone, Giothic plagiarisms. Here was a bold handing of creamy Caen and glowing brick courses; here were groups of slender polished shafts of granite; here was an airy, spiritual dome almost afloat overhead. The novelty was itterably shocking, and the people did not readily or greefully interpret it aright. There is little question to-day as to the brilliancy and impressiveness of Mr. Mould's design, which is cased in admirable keeping. The nave is broad and this impression is carried from therior, in the broad but shallow transepts of unequal depth, the northern being considerably larger, and providing a gallery of superb proportions for the great organ, which is cased in admirable keeping. The nave is broad and this impression is carried from the rows.

Over the entrance on the avenue is a deep

UNITARIANISM IN NEW-YORK. Unitarianism represents an exotic culture in New York. It is rather an echo of New-England adventure in ecclesiasticism than a votcing of Manhattan religionism. A few sermons from Dr Channing brought together the handful of disciples who had made new commercial ventures in the city, and these became MENU.

Sinad, baked. Mattre d'Hotel Sauce.

Reasi Wild Turkey. Potatoes in cases. Spinach.

Lettuce Mayousnaise.

Stewed Apples with Rice.

Ecusted Cake.

Fruit.

Coffee.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

MUTTON BROTH.—Take the fat from the liquor in which your leg of mutton has boiled. Add peptar, and a little sait, bearing in must that mutton. the nucleus of a society that has from that day of the des, erate conflicts with Spartan-like unreserve and heroism. Its past record plainly enough shows that the Unitarians have been neither mere destrinaires not idealists. The old predominant type of intellectual and moral force distinguishes the congregation now rallying about the new, young pastor. It would be difficult to find elsewhere in any one congregation a greater number of highly bred, attractive personalities. Yet one would not mistake them for a company of devotees committed to the enthusiasm of an imperative, exacting faith. There is dignity, propriety, a deferential attention to the duties of the hour almost inflexible and rigid in its fine decorum. But they are people plainly who may be counted on the right side of social and public issues as a matter of training and moral habits rather than as a result of more cuntion. There is a liturgic feeling in the worship—as indeed may be easily conjectured from the perpetual influences of the Book of Common Prayer, which in the old time raid on King's Chapel, in Boston, was reluctantly but necessarily retained by the Arian corporation that slid mto the inheritance so deftly as to puzzlo jurist and annalist ever since. So the funtarians are in temperament and tendency strongly fluturgic, and there are signe of further advancement at All Souls' in this direction. The pastorate of this society has been filled by men of rare distinction. Henry Ware was one of the finast spirits of his generation, a man full of beautiful gifts and crowned with scholarly accomplishments. Dr. Follen, a German of the best European culture, followed him. All the world knows something of the many-sided, great-hearted patriot and prencher so lately gone from among us, Dr. Bellows. His ministry indeed, was less congregational than to the people at large. He seemed rather a servant of the commonwealth than the salaried functionary of All Souls' society.

THE YOUTHFUL PASTOR IN THE PULPIT.

The successor of Dr. Bellows seems strongly antithetical in personality, purposes, and professional equipment. He is almost a youth, not yet thirty. He has been a licensed preacher hardly two years. He is slight of frame, has a light, delicate voice, and speaks under some physical constraint. He is without gifts that conquer and enslave attention. There is nothing that conquer and enslave attention. There is nothing astonishing or masterly on the surface of his ministrations. For hardly a year in care of a little flock in the little village of Winchester Mass., he is transferred to the metropolitan church of his denomination and stands in the place of an acknowledged grator and master among his fellows. At first glaure the All Souls' neople seem to have weakly fallen in with the present indiscriminate craze for young ministers. But it needs little consideration to vindicate the essential wisdom and soundness of this selection. For Mr. Williams in the outset is a pastor who will feed well the flock in his own fold before he spends his fodder at large. He will deal with individuals rather than masses—will manipulate the masses only so far as he first reaches and ministers to individual lives. His ambitiona are thus his humilities, for he is not straining his eyes toward an outside constituency at the cost of those who are gathered beneath his own pulpit. But more: he is, as will surely appear in the event, a man of exceptional ripeness, full of sinewy suprises, who in the morning of his career has captured the marvellous secret of putting things with an unerring achromatic simplicity and sufficiency of idiom such as few men come to achieve. It is not precocity nor the flush of dead ripeness, but a rare, early wisdom bringing purpose, thought and speech, in their highest relations. Indeed the completeness and tissue of his art of expression in the outset clude critical taquity, and there is a huiling impression of common-place truisms—thus any body might say the same things. It is after all like Lincoln's common piace, honespun knack of idiom, which all the world came at longth to find inimitable; and soon enough the clinging pirases, delicately fashioned apothegous, deep, pregnant sayings, neggets of rich sententiousness, begin to cling and stick like burrs, and one fain would put a brake on the minister until all these good, rare things could be gathered in. astonishing or masterly on the surface of his ministra

Mr. Williams is a deep, steady, loving thinker, without vanities or whims—a seer, a seeker, too, and one not likely to be turned aside from his quest, or put off with a simulacrum or counterfeit. He knows the best veins and vintages, and will be sure to reach them for his philosophical methods are truly adjusted, he is an unerring analyst and at once a busy, carnest constructor—maker. So he will not bury his people under the chips and litter of a destructive radicalism, but will find food in his ministry for the hungry and needy; and it will be the linest and most wholesome that lies within reach of his ideal. In short the young, new pastor, with his kindling carnestness, his consecration to the truth as he apprehends it, his flawloss idiom, his complete unconscious art of expression, and his winning yet well-nerved manliness, will shortly show that he is literally the man for the place, and thus vindicate, and yet not for the first time, the sagnoity and judgment of the All Souls' people.